

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

LEAVES OF GRASS.

CHIEVRE represents a contemporary Reviewer, the slave of the Belles-Lettres' department somewhat in this abrupt manner: "The end having come, it is in that we end—Poetry having ceased to be read, or published, or written, how can it fail to be reviewed? With your Lake Schools, and Border-Bluff Schools, and Cockney and Saenger Schools, there has been enough to do; and now all these Schools having burnt or smouldered themselves out, and left nothing but a wide-spread field of ashes, dust, and cinders—or perhaps embers, kicked to and fro under the feet of venerable women and children in the Magazines, at a best blown here and there into transient puffs . . . What remains but to adjust ourselves to circumstances? Urge me not," continues Edouard Littérature, "with considerations that Lang, as the inward Voice of Life, must be personally dead in one form to become alive in another; that this still abundant deluge of Metre, &c., dare not needs be fractions of Poetry yet scattered in it, ought still to be net-fished, and events surveyed and taken note of: The many varieties of Mediumship must be expected. There are those who stand in rapport with the diseased mentalities of the past and present, and pour forth as Divine Revelations the froth and scum of a receding age; they are the sponges who absorb the waste and impurities of humanity. They are also like running sores that gather the corrupt humors and drain the body of its most noxious fluids. There are others who come in contact with the outmost portion of the Spirit-life. These give crude, and in themselves, false notions of the state of man after death; yet they prepare the way for more truthful disclosures; if in no other way by stimulating the appetite for more substantial nourishment. There are those also who are lifted by genial inspirations to receive influxes from the upper mind-sphere of the age. They stand, as it were, on clear mountains of intellectual elevation, and with keenest perception, discern the purer forms of new unfolding truths ere they become sufficiently embodied to be manifest to the grosser minds of the race. Of these, RALPH WALDO EMERSON¹ is the highest type. He sees the future of truth as our Spirits discern the future of man; he welcomes those impalpable forms, as Spiritualists receive with gladdened minds the returning hosts of Spirit-friends.

There are other mediatorial natures who are in mental and heart-sympathy with man, as he now is, struggling to free himself from the tyranny of the old and effete, and to grasp and retain the new life flowing down from the heavens. And as the kindling rays at first produce more smoke than fire, so their lay is one of promise rather than performance. Such we conceive to be the interior condition of the author of "LEAVES OF GRASS." He accepts man as he is to his whole nature, and all men as his own brothers. The lambent flame of his genius encircles the world—not does he clearly discern between that which is to be preserved and that which is but fuel for the purification of the ore from its dross. There is a wild strength, a Spartan simplicity about the man, and he stalks among the dapper gentlemen of this generation, like a drunken Hercules amid the dainty dancers. That his song is highly mediatorial, he himself asserts, though probably he is unacquainted with the spiritual developments of the age.

"Through me," he sings, "many long dumb voices, Voices of the interminable generations of slaves, Voices of the diseased and despairing, Voices of cycles of preparation and accretion, And of threads that connect the stars, And of the rights of them the others are down upon, Through me forbidden voices—voices veiled— Voices indecent, by me clarified and transfigured."

We omit much even in this short extract, for the book abounds in passages that cannot be quoted in drawing-rooms, and expressions that fall upon the heavily Arcana of the Inner Life, they must do so by purifying and elevating their own minds, and not by "sitting in Circles" or ransacking town and country to find the most "reliable Mediums." Still no step in human progress and development is in vain; even the filth of the child are essential to its discipline. The mistakes and errors of men are useful while in their present imperfect state. They are to the seekers of truth what trials and losses are to those in the pursuit of wealth; they but enhance the value of the prize, and confirm the devotion of the true aspirant, as frowns rekindle the ardor of lovers.

Moreover, as man must ever enter into the kingdom of a new unfolding truth with the simplicity and teachableness of little children, it is well that the outer form of the old disappear, that the new may stand alone in its place. It seems also to be a law that when a change entire and universal is to be wrought, the means preparatory to its introduction shall be equally wide-spread, and ultimately to the lowest possible plane. Hence the spiritual manifestations meet the most external minds; and allow even the unregenerate to know by experience the fact and process of spiritual inspiration; so that skepticism becomes impossible to

the candid and living mind. The second step will be, after such have been convinced, that spiritual intercourse is possible, that they learn that it is worse than useless for the purpose of attaining any thing desirable, beyond this conviction;—except so far as it orderly and directed, not by the will of man, but of God. But as the old form of poetic inspiration died out with Byron and Shelley, Wordsworth and Goethe, and as the miscellaneous spirit-intercourse itself, also as quickly passes away, there will, we apprehend, spring up forms of mediatorial inspiration, of which there will be two permanent types. The first and highest, as it seems to us, will be the opening of the interiors to direct influx to the inspiring sources of love and wisdom. The heavens will flow down into the hearts and lives, into the thought and speech of harmonic natures, as the silent dew impregnate the patient earth. Men will live in heaven, hence they must be inspired by that breath of life that fills its ethereal expanse. A second class of Media will be used for the ultimation, for ends of use and in accordance with Laws of Order, of the creative thoughts and hymns, the Epics and Lyrical, of individual Spirits and societies of Spirits. These will be to the former Media as the youthful artist who copies the work of a master, to the Angels and Raphael, who both design and execute their plans, though they themselves, in their deepest interiors, are instructed and sustained from above.

But in the transition period in which we now are, many varieties of Mediumship must be expected. There are those who stand in rapport with the diseased mentalities of the past and present, and pour forth as Divine Revelations the froth and scum of a receding age; they are the sponges who absorb the waste and impurities of humanity. They are also like running sores that gather the corrupt humors and drain the body of its most noxious fluids. There are others who come in contact with the outmost portion of the Spirit-life. These give crude, and in themselves, false notions of the state of man after death; yet they prepare the way for more truthful disclosures; if in no other way by stimulating the appetite for more substantial nourishment. There are those also who are lifted by genial inspirations to receive influxes from the upper mind-sphere of the age. They stand, as it were, on clear mountains of intellectual elevation, and with keenest perception, discern the purer forms of new unfolding truths ere they become sufficiently embodied to be manifest to the grosser minds of the race. Of these, RALPH WALDO EMERSON¹ is the highest type. He sees the future of truth as our Spirits discern the future of man; he welcomes those impalpable forms, as Spiritualists receive with gladdened minds the returning hosts of Spirit-friends.

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"I am the Poet of Woman as well as of Man, And I say it is as great to be a Woman as to be a Man." And I say there is nothing greater than the Mother of Men. "I am a free companion—I brouche by invading watch-fires."

"My voice is the wife's voice, the screech by the rail of the stairs: [drowned]" They fetch my man's body up dripping and

I understand the large hearts of heroes,

The courage of present times and all times;

How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless

wreck of the steamship, and death chasing it up

and down the storm,

How he knuckled tight and gave not back one

inch, and was faithful of days and faithful of

nights,

And chalked in large letters on a board, Be of good

cheer, We will not desert you;

How he saved the drifting company at last,

How the lank loose-gowned women looked when

boated from the side of their prepared graves,

How the silent old-faced infants, and the listed sick,

and the sharp-lipped unshaved men;

All this I swallow and it tastes good—I like it well,

and it becomes mine, I am the man—I suffered—I was there.

The disdain and calmness of martyrs,

The mother condemned for a witch and burnt with

dry wood, and her children gazing on;

The hounded slave that flags in the race and leans

by the fence, blowing and covered with sweat,

The twinges that sting like needles his legs and neck,

The murderous buckshot and the bullets,

All these I feel or am.

I am the hounded slave—I wince at the bite of the dogs,

Hell and despair are upon me—crack and again

crack the marksmen.

I clutch the rails of the fence—my gore dribs

thinned with the ooze of my skin,

I fall on the weeds and stones,

The riders spur their unwilling horses and haul close,

They taunt my dizzy ears—they beat me violently

over the head with their whip-stocks.

They show the dial or move as the hands of me

—and I am the clock myself.

I am an old artillerist, and tell of some fort's bom-

bardment—and all there are.

Again the reveille of drummers—again the attack-

ing cannon and mortars and howitzers,

Again the attacked send their cannon responsive,

I take part—I see and hear the whole,

The cries and curses and roar—the plaudits for

well aimed shots;

The ambulanza slowly passing and trailing its red

drip,

Workmen searching after damages and to make in

dispensable repairs,

The fall of grenades through the rent roof—the

fan-shaped explosion,

The whizz of limbs, heads, stone, wood and iron

high in the air.

Again gurgles the mouth of my dying general—he

furiously waves with his hand,

He gasps through the clot

DEAR FRIEND TOOHEY: I am satisfied that this is considerable of an old world; I became so some time ago, when on a visit to the Falls of Niagara. Previous to the visit I had read the opinion of an eminent Geologist, that this mighty torrent was during the lapse of ages, worn its way through solid rock for a distance of seven miles or thereabouts, and that so slowly had the process gone on, that no single generation could perceive the least change in the aspect either of the adjacent hills or the falls themselves; consequently that millions of years have rolled away since they first began their terrible backward journey. The ideas we born, have received additional growth since I left my native land, and I am perfectly satisfied that this world has not stood from all eternity, yet as it comes mighty near to it. Any man who takes the trouble to use his eyes properly, must arrive at similar conclusions. Let any person take a good look at the English Coast, say from Folkestone or Dover to the cliffs between Newhaven and Brighton, on the one side of the English Channel, and from Calais to Dieppe on the other, and he must unavoidably conclude from the resemblance between them, that once in the night of ages past, these two countries, now separated by a belt of sea varying from twenty to one hundred miles in width, were one and the same. It must have been a tremendous revolution in nature that thus could cut a continent in twain; or else the slowly progressive inroads of the ocean must have taken incalculable centuries to effect so stupendous a divorce.

On first landing in Dieppe, I, together with my fellow-voyageurs, were ushered into what they facetiously term the Custom House, in which very bad customs prevail within. "Donner moi votre passeport," said a fiercely moustached individual to me, whereupon I handed over a certain piece of paper with which I had been previously furnished by one Wm. L. Marcy, Esq., which paper was adorned with a big sprout of red sealing-wax, three or four spread eagles, a star-spangled banner, and which paper contained a description of a person, whom a clairvoyant medium then on his travels in search of "Common Sense." The ceremony of comparing the person of your correspondent with the description therein contained, being resorted satisfactorily to all parties, and the trials of all having been duly explored, and nothing contraband of the nephew of his uncle being found therein, we were permitted to go on our way—your humble servant loudly rejoicing that he was clear, for a time at least, of the horrible extortions practiced by every son and daughter of "la Perle d'Albion" on every stranger who sets foot upon her soil. And here let me remark, that a man can travel, eat, drink, sleep, and if sick be doctored, anywhere in France, or indeed Europe, for consider the money he can in Britain. In a few minutes we reached our lodgings at the "Hôtel de la reine Anglaise," and had a delightful twelve o'clock supper, after which we all saluted forth to enjoy a moonlight ramble over the ancient city. On our way to the hills on the left of the harbor, we encountered a party of bacchanals, full to the brim with patriotism and bad brandy. They insisted on doing the agreeable—for of all people the French are the politest—and forthwith regaled us with a song, which I am unable to translate, but the burden of which was the infinite superiority of everything French over everything else, and the refine equally untranslatable, informed us that they the singers, had, after the most profound and mature deliberation, come to the resolution to go no home till morning, which I presume they persisted in, while our party pursued our way to the castle on the hill. We were not permitted to enter it at the hour, and consequently had to be content with a glorious view of the ocean, which to me was far more seen from the brow of the hill, than I viewed from the battlements of a fort, because the ideas associated therewith were never pleasant. I preferred to gaze on God, from Nature, than for the warlike walls of bloody-minded, cruel men.

Brother, it is good to gaze out upon the silent mirror ocean at the midnight hour; it is full of inspiration. The soul drinks it in, and the nerves tingle and vibrate with delicious joy. My comrades chose to leave me star-gazing, as they call it, while they returned to the inn. Foolish was I not star-gazing. Far from it. I was filled with an holy Spirit—with the Ancient of Days—with the everlasting Spirit of Peace. Far on the brightly dancing waves, which laved the pebbled shore at my feet, I saw a bright troop of Spirits who had never worn the human form. Ah! O, my soul was glad, my brother, for they were holy, sweet and pure. These Spirits—these Odd-ones mounted the air, and in troops entered my body, but my soul. They took unto themselves form, and beheld, my brother, I was filled with the Holy Ghost, and the forms they took were thoughts, ideas, living realities, and behold one of these spirits I have given a body to, I herewith clothe it: the humble garb of language and present it unto thee, my brother, and through thee to all. "I do thy bidding, and go forth at thy will; I am the ocean-babe—my name is Purity—and leaving thee better than I found thee, proclaim that without me ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of the Lord Pure." Children of the Ocean of Life, my sisters Chastity, Health, Beauty and Humanity are of the train who bathe the souls of all who, born of fulness, feel the hope of better things within them, and go down to the dark river of Sorrow, cross it, and stand at the gates of the House of Peace, but cannot enter in, until the defilements are by us removed, new garments wove and placed upon the soul, and the watchword given which admits the soul into the entrance hall of that house of mansions, which hall openeth into the vestibule of a vast realm of peacefulness, such as whereof true conception hath yet entered into the heart of Man. All ye need is our aid to enter in; nor can ye without.

We are born of the Waters, for the Waters are Truth-life, and we are the elements which enter into man's true life. "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty;" Eternal purity is the price of Peace. Man's happiness depends upon the force with which he can pronounce the two words "YES" and "NO," and act up to either. Will you, my seeker, exercise upon these two words? Look behind thee; see the zig-zag paths thou hast made on the journey of existence—for it is not life that hast led to this day lived, for life is all joyful, peaceful, happy; but existence is but a lower form of being on the earth! Henceforth call us the Sweet Sisters of the Sea to thee, and we will bathe thee in the healing waters of Purity—

"From a fountain brighter glowing,
From eternal sources flowing,
Who to the Tree of Life is growing evermore."

Reader—let you and I and Hell open to prevent me.

from the world, and make manifest that which he has received to a people yet in darkness; and they, even though covering their minds by a cloak of prejudice, will be led to acknowledge that you have been taught of God. We know that there are minds that are striving with all their power to force the Truth from them, and to stay its course by a strong combative influence which they exercise over society; and we know that there are many more that cling to the ruins of an old, worn-out theology; or if not governed by that, they care not for truth in any form, and therefore would remain in a state of ignorance rather than trouble themselves to inquire, "if these things are so." In view, then, of the opposition that Reformers must expect to encounter; in view of the persecution that they will be forced to meet; where shall they look for guidance and direction, but unto a power that is strong to deliver, and which will, by natural laws and means, point out a way of escape. Remember, you who labor to free yourselves and humanity around you from the chains that have long kept you in bondage, that God is all-powerful, and that whatever emanates from his Spirit, will, in spite of the contending forces of evil, work its way wherever he designs. If you are laboring in the cause of Truth, be assured that opposition cannot hinder its progress only for the time being, but will stimulate to new life, new action, and for a moment halt, it will advance the more strongly and surely. There is a better day coming for those who bitterly felt the bondage of other minds—the tyranny that the strong exercise over the weak, a day when it will be considered a duty to escape from mental bondage, when the immortal soul will leap upwards, rejoicing in its freedom, and striving with all the power of love to place the sweet morsel to the life of others, that they too may taste the joys of Freedom; that their souls may be illuminated by the light of the Gospel of Truth. To those that are weary of the cold forms and ceremonies of the day—to those who have spent their earthly lives, thus far in seeking for happiness, for present and future enjoyments, and still seek in vain—to those whose aspiring minds are not satisfied with the doctrines that have been taught them, but long for a new faith, a new love, a change of Spiritual food—to those we come, and we would bid them listen to our words. We seek to benefit mankind; we labor for your good, and not our own, because we see that humanity is suffering; we see that many are bound down to the sensual, grovelling things of earth, knowing not a way to escape; because they are subject to the prejudice of other minds rather than their own reasoning powers; because they are controlled by minds which tyrannize over them for selfish purposes. To you, one and all, we say, Break asunder those chains which bind you; remember that you are a being made in the image of the Almighty, that you are bestowed a portion of the Divine Mind; that you are endowed with a reason and an intelligence, which, unperverted, is capable of guiding your immortal Spirit to righteousness and peace. You all have, in a greater or less degree, an interior faculty of perception, which will open to your vision, and make plain the mysterious laws of your being, the laws of nature, the laws of God. We know, and many who dwell in the flesh know also, that a new Dispensation is dawning upon the earth; they know that the working of the Spirits cannot be overcome by the cry of delusion, humbug, &c., neither can their teachings of Truth and Love be ascribed to the Prince of Darkness, because they are too much in contrast with his nature, as man in his foolish imagination has created him. From whence then cometh this mighty power. Search, oh man, and know! "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," "for if it be of man, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest ye be found to fight against God."

Norfolk, Conn., Oct. 22, 1855.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1855.

SPIRITUALISM AND UNIVERSALISM.

This association of *isms*—although not often absent from our mind—was made prominent not long since by reading the following remarks of Brother Gay, in his last issue of the *Star of the East*, Bro. G., after a general notice of this paper, says:—

"The 'Christian Spiritualist' has chosen that beautiful and significant Spiritual communication, that God gave some eighteen centuries ago, through Jesus, one of the best and most reliable TEST MEDIUMS the world has ever had. 'Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.' Upon this significant platform we hail the 'Christian Spiritualist' as the harbinger of great good in the fields of Spiritualism."

"For no sane mind can doubt, for a moment, that there are plants within the curtain of Spiritualism, which are casting forth upon the community, their poisonous malice, and cowering the tender fibres of pure Spirit life."

"With the above standing motto, we are at a loss to comprehend how the plant called UNIVERSALISM can be so nurtured by most of its writers. Will they please to explain? We do not wish to be too fault-finding; but we have one maxim which we desire to see adopted. 'TELL ME OF MY FAULTS THAT I MAY KNOW AND SHUN THEM; MY VIRTUES, IF I HAVE ANY, WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.' We admire the generous courtesy of this paper much; and Spiritualists will find this sheet the most reliable and interesting of any."

We are obliged to Brother Gay for this practical use of his "maxim," as we are reminded of one which underlies much of our own life, and is of so near a kin to the above that we wish them henceforth an eternal union."

It is as follows:—"He is my friend, who, seeing my faults, tells me of them; for, while they may attract the notice of the critic, and stimulate the tongue of the slanderer, he only can be called my friend, who, seeing all they see, adds to their observation the calm dignity of manhood, and, in the spirit of tender solicitude and Christian charity, makes me conscious of their presence and deformity, that henceforth they may be avoided." In this spirit we accept the above and other friendly notices, which Brother Gay has felt moved to make of the paper.

As to the item complained of, however, we have at present but two remarks to make, and both must be brief:—

As our estimate of Christ and the mission of Christianity is *predicated* on the belief, that the life of the former and the teachings of the latter was, and are, eminently friendly to the largest freedom, and tends to make *men* *honest*, rather than *evil* *makers*, we have never wished to urge a *dogma*, be it ever so venerable and time-honored, —the urging of which would seem to imply our preference for a *belief* instead of a *life*. Our watchword in the battle of life has been, and is, *thirty-nine virtues*, instead of the *thirty-nine articles*; *deeds for creeds*, and *no* *creeds* rather than *believing*. This being cardinal to, and fundamental of our philosophy, we have ever wished to inspire men with the liberal and generous conviction, that Jesus sought

to awaken the *Spiritual element* in men, rather than slavishly have them follow memorized forms and external rituals. This belief continues with us, and is so sacred a part of our religion, that we never wish to interfere with the *order* and *method* of any soul's education and unfolding, and regret any such officiousness, be it ever so well intentioned, so long as the soul recognizes order and seeks for harmony. This philosophy comprehends the development of variety in unity, and seeks to make *individualized* intelligences rather than uniform believers.

Hence, if a contributor or correspondent writes us Universalism, Unitarianism, or any other *ism* that professedly, and in *fact*, honors God and inspires respect and love for his children—it is accepted of us, and placed to the best advantage in our columns, that it may speak because of its authority, and heal according to the virtue in it.

2d. All this, however, is expressive of our faith and philosophy, rather than explanatory of the causes that make *Universalism* an element of the paper's teaching. The following, therefore, will outline the reasons why, and the causes that make the *Christian Spiritualist* what it is.

The Christian world is divided on the question of Bible theology; as each *sect* appeals to, and quotes from, its venerable pages, in favor of the particular belief fashionable with its followers. Each of these *sects*, in turn, assumes not only the right of private judgment, but of *public censure*—as they generally condemn, either in whole or in part, the Free Love doctrine, and, as a consequence, it must be considered an *alien* force to the harmony and social order of society. The above confession and correction ends this phase of the controversy with the *Daily Times*.

The *Times*, for some weeks back, has been active in burlesquing, and in various ways misrepresenting the philosophy of Spiritualism, insisting that it *tended* to—if its members did not accept—the Free Love doctrine, and, as a consequence, it must be considered an *alien* force to the harmony and social order of society. The above confession and correction ends this phase of the controversy with the *Daily Times*.

The *Tribune* too has confessed, and we hope, on this point, it will henceforth forsake its besetting sin of misrepresentation and abuse of Spiritualism. In its issue of Oct. 26, we find the following:—

"The *Christian Spiritualist* contains a leading article addressed by 'the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge,' to all Christian Spiritualists and true Progressionists, not only disclaiming in the most positive manner all connection with the doctrines of individual sovereignty and Free Love taught by Mr. S. P. Andrews and his associates, but denouncing those doctrines and setting forth various reasons why they are false and pernicious. *The Spiritual Telegraph*, the organ of another division of 'Spiritualists,' takes similar ground."

It is to be hoped that other papers—secular and theological—will do Spiritualism and Spiritualists justice by making a similar correction.

THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS.

As a matter of course, the Literature of Spiritualism, like the manifestations and other proofs of Spirit intercourse and guardianship, must pass through the purgatory of public opinion before it will get a fair and candid examination, so powerful is the influence of education and mental habits. What the verdict of that examination will be, we are not at a loss to determine, since occasionally we are permitted to read the conclusions of those who, having examined the subject in the spirit of calm, conscientious thoughtfulness, send forth words of soberness and truth. These testify of the merits of Spiritualism, as a gospel of harmonic culture, and acknowledge its literature as the first fruits of the ministry of angels.

In illustration of this, we select the following, because it is the latest notice we have seen of the work, whose title heads this article, and reminds us that "*justice and judgment*" are ever superior to the prejudices of the times.

The Editor of the *East Boston Ledger*, in his issue of October 20, in a notice of the Healing of the Nations, says:—

"The introduction of Mr. Tallmadge, occupying some 70 pages, will be conceded to be an able exposition and defence of Spiritualism, and to do honor to the author, whatever may be thought of the soundness of his belief. A man who, like Gov. Tallmadge is willing to peril a high reputation for what he conceives to be truth, must possess qualities of rare excellence."

"The *Christian Spiritualist* disclaims the doctrine of Free Love, but teaches the doctrine of Soul Marriage, or to speak less politely, of spiritual wifery. Every soul has its *tein*, is its doctrine. There is quite an ingenious article on this subject in a late number, of which we are inclined to give a sketch, * * * * *

"Now everybody knows that unhappy marriages have followed courtships as exquisite as what is here described. Furthermore, it is pretty well known that the same soul may have this transcendental sympathy with more than one other soul—if not with two at the same time, with one after another. Then, at the best, can we approve of such love as is here made the test of marriage fitness? Does it not strike one as idolatrous and selfish? And this whole hankering for a special mate, is it not a desire for an idol, or a desire to be an idol, which is not a natural desire of our original being, but is a corruption of Satan's? We did not intend, however, to discuss this subject—our purpose was to show the position of the Spiritualists. We do not know but there is a shadow of truth in this doctrine of *tein*; this we know, that you may search the world over for a perfect match, you will not find one till you have found two hearts free from selfishness; and when you have found two such hearts, you will find their partnership is not very exclusive—their love will take in more."

"The Society, under whose auspices it is published, keep free rooms, and furnish Mediums free to all who wish to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, at 553 Broadway, New York."

THE ODIC FORCE.

The controversies, which of late have sprung into being by virtue or defects of the various *oposites* which Spiritualism has received from its reviewers, and the frequent reference made to Baron C. Von Reichenbach's researches and discoveries in Magnetism, Electricity, &c., &c., has made the phrase *odic* or *oditic force* a *speciality* in its controversial language; to meet which we have commenced the republication of an elaborate review of the Baron's great work, in this issue, (see 14th page,) which we think, if read with attention, will give the reader a clear, though *general*, idea of the Baron's method, and enable each one to say how far, and in what degree, the facts of Spiritualism and the manifestations of the *odic force*, have a common origin.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

On the 20th day of August, 1855, Miss Caroline B., daughter of Abel J. and Hannah Stilson, of Newton, Ct., at the age of 14 and a half years, exchanged the mortal and earth life for the immortal and Spirit life, having passed from the earth sphere. Consumption, that fell, mortal destroyer, thus early in life nipped the flower, and it withered; but the unseen flower still lives, and beautifully blooms in a more congenial clime. Caroline was a firm believer in the truth of Spirit intercourse, and lived here but to live forever. She lived, beloved by all who knew her, "and was not for God took her."

A. C. S.

Dr. J. Mayhew.—This Brother wishes us to say he will be in Willimantic on the 4th, and in Norwich on the 11th of November; to which places his friends are requested to direct their letters.

REMOVAL.—LORIN L. PLATT has removed to No. 134 Canal street. Mr. C. occupies the rooms formerly used by Mr. Conklin. Mr. C. having moved into other rooms in the same building.

THE RETURN OF DR. KANE.

Since the return of this gentleman, the secular and theological press have become "wondrous," and said all manner of smart things about the absurdities, &c., of Spiritualism, to the glory of public opinion and vulgar prejudice. Read the following from the Tribune of October 18th:—

"A correspondent calls our attention to a statement in the New England Spiritualist, dated June 30 last, according to which Dr. Kane had been seen in the Spiritual world in company with Sir John Franklin, while his mortal remains were seen lying upon the polar ice among the relics of his expedition—his vessel having been crushed to pieces, and most, if not all, of his men destroyed. Our correspondent seems to think that the falsehood of all these particulars affords a new evidence against the credibility of the so-called Spiritual communications; but we do not see that in this respect the revelation in question differs much from the mass of those pretending to come from the world of ghosts and rappers. There is no other class of liars to be compared with those who play upon their dupes from behind the veil which hides trans-mundane existence from the sight of men."

This is characteristic, very, and is everyday worthy of the head and heart of the writer, if we are to judge by past "manifestations" from the same source.

In nearly the same spirit the Editor of the Frankfort Herald, (Phila.) Oct. 20, after quoting a communication from the July number of the *Scientific American*, which purported to give the whereabouts of Sir John Franklin, and the progress of Kane's Arctic Expedition, makes himself merry to nearly the extent of a column, by saying all kinds of funny things of Spiritualism, which he seems to think warranted on the following profession of faith and no faith:

"We have always looked upon Spiritualism, so-called, as a dangerous delusion, and fraught with incalculable mischief to civilized community. It is so, because it tends to sap the moral foundation of society, and instead of elevating human character, only carries it back to the days of superstition and darkness, when witchcraft and demonology held unbounded sway over the minds of men, and consigned helpless old women and innocent children to the gibbet and the stake. It is paving the way for, and has already introduced some of the most ridiculous doctrines, the immoral tendency of which is almost without a parallel. Many have turned aside from the humble walks of Christianity to worship at this mysterious shrine, and have thus become bold, and in some instances blasphemous, skeptics. It is strange that such nonsense still finds so many advocates, after the many wholesome re-bukes which have from time to time been administered to it."

As these extracts contain all that can be urged against Spiritualism, because Dr. Kane did not sink, drown or lose himself in his efforts to find Sir John, we shall take this occasion to ask the sagacious and profound Editors of the Tribune and Herald a few questions.

Why did not some of the press contradict the statement copied from the N. E. Spiritualist, before the return of Dr. Kane? Simply because no one seemed, at that time, "fully persuaded in his own mind" that there was any "lie" in the premise, and could not therefore afford to make himself ridiculous by denying what "after all might be true."

When did Spiritualists offer the communications in question, or any others, as *reliable*? Never! And this, both these gentlemen should have known, had they any desire to know the truth of the matter.

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THE SONG OF INDRA.

[From the "Lyric of the Golden Age," the new and forthcoming Poem of T. L. Harris.]

We were divided by the deep of death;

I saw her stand on Heaven's receding shore;

Then came an interval of sobbing breath,

And I beheld her form of love no more.

But ever more there grew and multiplied'

Veiled agonies within my peopled breast;

Joy perished in me when that angel died;

My heart grew like the swallow's empty nest.

Sometimes in dreams methought her radiant face

Through veils of golden ethereal star;

And reaching out to clasp in sweet embrace

Her perfect form, the dream broke with a jar

Of painful dissonance. Tuneful to me

Were wild birds flying with life and song;

Locked in the casket of eternity

My life of life was buried, and a thong

Of wild regrets and passionate desires

Fed on my sad existence. By degrees

Hope faded as the sunset's golden fires,

That sink below the verge of lonely seas.

One night a mighty longing overcame

My unreposing Spirit, and a breath

Of cold keen anguish number my outer frame.

I sank into the consciousness of death.

They laid my Spirit, like a newborn child,

A tender, helpless, guiltless, fluttering thing

Within a flower whose white blooms unfurled

Pavilions its repose. With dreams wing

Sleep hovered o'er my eyelids; with a kiss

Of gentlest peace he lulled me to repose;

And, sinking into dreams of honeyed bliss,

I felt my soul by slow degrees inclose,

Folding the leaves of memory and pain,

And vain regret and disappointment again,

Into their old unconsciousness again.

The life of earth melted into my dream,

And with it passed away. Glad morning broke

On the imprisoned faculties; I felt

Something like hoar-frost pass away, and wake,

And, as clear streams appear when snow-drifts melt,

From my dissolving outer life a new

Bright-flowing river of existence ran.

Above me bent a sky whose tranquil blue

Many a bright rainbow did o'erarch and span.

The rainbows, with the skies involved as one,

Cast seven-fold brightness round me, and a calm

Pervading lustre from an inward sun

Bathed me reposing in the floweret's balm.

Melted before the soft increasing light,

The white leaves of the blossom passed away,

And, calmly beautiful, before my sight

The heaven of flowers 'round all the vision lay.*

* With this Song, descriptive of his own earthly sorrows and peaceful transition to the spheres of Heavenly repose, an Indian Poet, from the soft Orient clime, wakes the Spirit of Rousseau in the Sweet Paradise which is now their abiding home.

From the California Pioneer.

THE ODIC FORCE.*

BY C. T. HOPKINS.

Whatever eminence we Americans have attained in the mechanical arts and in the departments of legal and political science, it cannot be denied that our German brethren have always occupied a higher position than ours in those branches of physical and metaphysical research where careful analysis, long-continued investigation and profound reflection are the requisites to success. We are the more active of the two nations, and our discoveries, therefore, cover a large field; but that passive patience, which

"Learn to labor and to wait,"

gives a character of certainty and solidity to the fruits of German industry to which American talent is comparatively a stranger. We run, while Germans walk; we skim over the top—they dive to the bottom. To use a California simile, we may exhaust in a brief period the surface diggings over a vast extent of the domain of science; the German is satisfied with a smaller claim, but will not relinquish till it has thoroughly explored the bed rock. Consequent upon these national characteristics, we have established a new religion, founded on what we claim to be physical manifestations of Spiritual power as displayed in thousands of instances to tens of thousands of investigators. Our highest legal and literary talents have been brought to bear on this exciting subject, and the result of what we call candid inquiry and patient research, occupying perhaps a month, or at most a year, on the part of each individual, has been the formation of an army of believers in every section of our country. The slow German, on the other hand, is incredulous. He stops at the threshold; weighs, examines, experiments with each phenomenon as it presents itself, and, finally, after perhaps a life-time of patient toil, shows us the result in the shape of some imperishable monument of patient industry. The Baron Von Reichenbach, of Austria, is a striking instance of German superiority in these respects. Twelve or fifteen years ago, the world was convulsed by the startling announcement that "Animal Magnetism" had been discovered. English, French, and especially Americans, were all agog with the new and wonderful facts that were everywhere developed under the hands of lecturing operators. Some denounced it as the work of the Devil, who had revived the old-fashioned mode of possession; some tried to explain it on natural principles; many were content to witness the facts in a sturdy spirit of disbelief, charging them to the long accounts of human collusion and fraud. But the vast majority have passed it by, in the confusion of this eventful age, without forming any opinion as to its merits; while new phenomena have, in turn, claimed their attention, which, though following in the train of Mesmerism, have thrown it long since entirely into the background. Not so with the German philosopher. Determined from the first to sift to the bottom the ideas propounded by the Magnetizers, he has seized the subject in the iron grip of his vigorous intellect. He has subjected it to the fiery ordeal of rigid scientific scrutiny, and long after we have forgotten the excitement it once occasioned, he comes forth from his laboratory with an explanation of it; so thorough, so complete, so entirely convincing, that to gainsay or misunderstand it, is to acknowledge one's self far below the ordinary standard of candor or common sense.

We propose to give a sketch of the work before us, from which the reader may derive some idea of what is meant by the Odic Force, and of the manner in which its discovery was followed up by the master-mind of our author. The first experiments instituted by the Baron were on the nervous excitabilities of cataleptic patients, as affected by the magnet. It is a fact well known to physicians and nurses, that in many nervous diseases the sufferers are found to experience an extraordinary exaltation of the nervous perceptions. Thus, such persons smell and taste with uncommon acuteness and delicacy. They hear what is spoken three or four rooms off. They cannot bear the light of the sun, or of a fire; while they are able, in great darkness, not only to perceive the outlines of objects, but to distinguish

colors clearly, when the healthy eye can discern nothing. It occurred to the Baron, in view of the assertion by the discoverers of Animal Magnetism, that a new sense was thereby conferred on somnambulists and sleep-walkers; that to persons nervously diseased, or "sick sensitive," certain magnetic phenomena could be made manifest, which were unperceived by the senses of the healthy, and which might throw much light on the connection between magnetic and vital forces. His first experiment in determining this hypothesis is thus described, viz.:—

"Through the kindness of a surgeon practicing in Vienna, I was introduced in March, 1844, to one of his patients, the daughter of the tax collector, Nowotny, a young woman of twenty-five years of age, who had suffered for eight years from increasing pains in the head, and from these had fallen into cataleptic attacks with alternate tonic and clonic spasms. In her all the exalted intensity of the senses had appeared, so that she could not bear sun or candle-light, saw her chamber as in a twilit in the darkness of night, when she clearly distinguished the colors of all the furniture and clothes in it. On this patient the magnet acted with extraordinary violence in several ways." *

Recalling to mind that the Northern Light (Aurora Borealis) appeared to be nothing else but an electrical phenomenon, produced through the terrestrial magnetism, the intimate nature of which is inexplicable, inasmuch as no direct emanation of light from the magnet is known in physics, I came to the idea of making a trial, whether a power of vision, so exalted as that of Miss Nowotny, might not perhaps perceive some phenomena of light on the magnet in perfect darkness. I devoted the following night to this, and selected for it the period when the patient had just awakened from a cataleptic fit, and, consequently, was most excited. The windows were covered with a sparse abundance of curtains, and the lighted candles removed from the room, long before the termination of the spasms. The magnet was placed upon a table about ten yards from the patient, with both poles directed towards the ceiling, and then freed from its armature. No one present could see in the least; but the girl beheld two luminous appearances, one at the extremity of each pole of the magnet. When this was closed by the application of the armature, they disappeared, and she saw nothing more; when it was re-opened, the lights reappeared. They seemed to be somewhat stronger at the moment of lifting the armature, then to acquire a permanent condition, which was weaker. Close upon the steel, from which the light streamed, it appeared to form a fiery vapor, and this was surrounded by a kind of glory of rays. But the rays were not at rest; they became longer and shorter without intermission, and exhibited a kind of darting appearance and active scintillation, which the observer assured us was uncommonly beautiful. The whole appearance was more delicate than that of common fire; the light was far purer, at most white, sometimes mingled with iridescent colors, the whole resembling the light of the sun more than that of a fire. I showed her a little electric spark, which she had never seen before, and had no conception of; she found it much more blue than the magnetic light." (pp. 23, 24.)

These experiments were tried repeatedly with this patient, in the presence of different witnesses, and with magnets of differing powers. The result was the same, the intensity of the light varying with the power of the magnet, until her returning health destroyed her power of magnetic vision. "Miss Angelica Sturm, 19 years of age, was suffering from tubercular affection of the lungs, and long subject to somnambulism in its lighter stages, with attacks of tetanus and cataleptic fits. The influence of the magnet displayed itself so powerfully in her, after a few experiments, that she far surpassed Miss Nowotny in sensitiveness. When I stood in the darkened room, holding a magnet capable of supporting a weight of 90 lbs., at the distance of six paces from the feet of the patient, while she was perfectly conscious of what was going on around her, the patient ceased to answer, she fell into tetanic spasms and complete unconsciousness from the action of the magnet. The moment I had pulled off the armature. After a while, she came to herself again, and said that at the moment I had removed the armature from the magnet, she had seen a flame flash over it about the length of a small hand, and of a white color, mingled with red and blue." (p. 26.)

"Miss Maria Maix was undergoing treatment for a paralytic affection of the lower extremities, with occasional attacks of spasms. When a large magnet was opened before her in the night-time, which was often done, she always beheld a luminosity resting over it, resting on the poles, about a hand's breadth in height. But when laboring under spasms, the phenomena increased most extraordinarily to her eyes. She then saw the magnetic light, which now appeared greatly increased in size, not merely at the poles, but flowing also from all over the steel, although weaker than at the poles, but spread universally over the whole horseshoe, and left a dazzling brightness before her eyes, which would not disappear for a long time."

Subsequent experiments upon some sixty to seventy persons, some of them in vigorous health, but all of them of a nervous temperament, placed the discovery of the magnetic light beyond controversy. The light, as described by these persons, varied—first, with the nervous condition of the observer—second, with the degree of darkness in the room—third, with the power of the magnet. In all cases the appearance and colors of the flames were identified with those of the Aurora Borealis, the motion also being exactly similar. Sometimes the light was seen of a length equal to twice that of the magnet; and its strength and intensity were always greatest at the poles, and at the corners of the steel in layered magnets, where the magnetic power was most highly concentrated. At other times but a single fiery thread was visible, emanating from the centre of each pole. To some observers, the column of light from a ninety pound magnet appeared six feet high. To all, the light presented the appearance of constant motion; shooting, waving, sparkling and flickering, exactly as in the case of the Northern Light. This light was submitted by the Baron to the test of the Daguerreotype, and was proved capable of producing a picture on the usual iodized plate. The light on the two poles of the horseshoe varied with the latitude; the southern pole emitting the strongest light in a northern latitude. This light emits no heat. An electro-magnet exhibits the same luminosity as the steel magnet. The positive and negative flames display no tendency to unite, while both of them may be deflected in various directions, just like the flame of a fire by blowing, or other mechanical means.

The first idea deduced from these observations is, that the Aurora Borealis is caused by the earth's magnetism; and we cannot but acknowledge that this theory seems in every respect more satisfactory to reason than any other that has yet been broached. The second discovery is that magnetism is a powerful agent upon the vital force; and this will become more apparent from the following experiments, viz.—

"When the sick Miss Nowotny lay unconscious and motionless in a cataleptic condition, but free from spasms, and a horseshoe magnet, capable of sustaining some twenty-two pounds, was brought near her hand, this adhered to it in such a manner that, when the magnet was moved in any direction, the hand remained constantly attached to it, as if it had been a piece of iron cleaving to it. The patient remained perfectly unconscious all the while; but the attraction was so strong that when the magnet was drawn down in the direction of the feet beyond the reach of the patient's arm, she not only did not leave it, but in an unconscious state rose up in the bed and followed the magnet with her hand as long as it was within her reach. Finally, when the magnet was removed beyond its distance of attraction, she was indeed compelled to

leave it, but then remained unalterable and immovable, in the position in which she had been placed, according to the well-known manner of cataleptic patients. Miss Nowotny described the sensation produced by the magnet as an irresistible attraction which she felt compelled to follow unconsciously and involuntarily, and which she was obliged to obey even against her will. It was an agreeable sensation, as if connected with cool, gentle wind issuing from the magnet to the hand, which seemed to be attached to it by a thousand fine threads, and to be drawn along by it." (p. 44)

"When, instead of a middle-sized magnet of some twenty pounds' capacity, we took a strong one capable of bearing ninety pounds, and placed this on the flat hand of Miss Nowotny, she grasped, both in the conscious and unconscious state, the presented ends of the horseshoe so firmly that it could not be taken away from her without great effort. She herself was unable to loosen her hold. The whole hand was clenched spasmodically, and clasp knitted the fingers around the magnet, and contracted the whole hand so violently that all voluntary power of motion ceased." (p. 50.)

"This attraction of the human system by the magnet was found by experiment not to be reciprocal. The magnet being suspended, with the poles downwards, from a balance, and its weight counterpoised at the other scale, the hand of the patient was held down upon the table under the magnet. The attraction of the hand ensued, with all the symptoms as above detailed, but the index of the balance remained unmoved." (p. 47.)

This power of the magnet was found to act through all substances; stone walls, folds of paper, deal boards, metallic surfaces being all perfectly permeable to the influence. Sensitive subjects felt its power within the sphere of attraction, notwithstanding intervening objects of whatever nature. Magnetized water, and other bodies, were at once distinguished by the patients from similar ones in a natural condition. The Baron, in the course of his experiments on the communicability of this influence to other bodies by contact, was led to compare their power thus acquired with their natural capabilities in the same direction, and this led him to the third important step in the discovery of the new force.

Having communicated this peculiar power to various substances, (as he supposed from their effects after contact,) by rubbing them a few minutes with a strong magnet, they all produced the same results upon the patients as the magnet itself, but in very different degrees. This led the Baron to bring the several bodies into contact with the patients in their natural condition. To his surprise, he found all crystallized substances to possess magnetic power upon the human system. Thousands of experiments, varied in every possible manner, led him to classify these bodies in relation to their odic powers, as follows, viz.:—

First. All amorphous and confusedly crystallized bodies are inactive.

Second. All single or free crystals were more or less active.

Third. The larger and more perfect the crystal, the more powerful was the force exerted by it.

Further experiments with crystals proved that this force does not reside equally in all portions of their surfaces, but that its direction is always parallel to the primary axis of the crystal, and its manifestations greatest at the poles. Furthermore, it was discovered that the opposite poles of crystals display the force in an opposite manner; one producing a warm sensation, the other a cool feeling; whence the quality of the odic principle was first deduced, and afterwards proved to be convertible with the principle itself, wherever it is found. The peculiar attraction of the magnet for iron is not shared by the crystal; not the slightest particle of iron or steel dust can in any manner be attracted by it, whence the distinction between the two forces becomes evident. The crystalline force is conductible by metals in a mode precisely analogous to that of electricity. The odic light is as powerful at the poles of large crystals as at those of the magnet; and in both, the same effects upon the nerves of seeing and of vision are capable of multiplication by the same means as are used in galvanic apparatus. By these means, a beautiful jet of flame was produced by both at the end of a conducting wire, many yards in length. The crystalline force may be charged and transferred upon other bodies by mere contact, but only for a limited time, a few moments being generally sufficient to dissipate every trace of it.

We come now to the fourth step of the Baron's progress in these interesting researches; and this is the identity of the force here described with that exerted by the hands of the mesmeric operator, in putting his subjects into what is called the sleep-waking condition. He says: "When I passed a magnet down twice from head to foot over the patient, Miss Sturm, she lost consciousness and fell into convulsions, mostly with rigid spasms. When I did the same with my large rock crystal, (eight inches in diameter,) the same result followed. But I could produce the same effect when, instead of either of these, I used merely my empty hand. Therefore, the crystalline force of the magnet and the crystal must reside in my hand." (p. 105.) The phenomena of animal magnetism are here at once brought to the mind of the reader, who may now begin to perceive something of the vast importance of the discovery of our author, in proving the existence of a link, hitherto unsuspected, between animal life and the inorganic forces of nature. Want of space precludes our dilating upon the various experiments instituted to determine the identity of this force with that of the magnet and the crystal. Suffice it to say that the discovery of the existence of this force in the human system not only suggested the name of "Od" to the investigator, but it stimulated him to endeavor to ascertain whence are derived its sources in vital organization. How does it happen that a living organism displays the properties of an inorganic crystal? Where are we to look for the common original source of a power which charges alike the ends of our fingers and the poles of the globe we inhabit?

(To be continued.)

SWEDENBORG AND HIS WRITINGS.

Whenever there is marked extremes of opinion as to the merits of a man and his writing, we are pleased to see efforts made to correct these conflicting notions, and from this stand point, welcome the late biography of Swedenborg, by Edwin P. Hood, London. This gentleman is already known to our readers, as the author of "Ghost Land and Dream Land," which was republished in this paper, and we doubt not, will be pleased to peruse the following candid extracts, as they testify of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual worth of Swedenborg, and vindicates his life, mission, and writings, as necessary and providential to the education of the race. We quote from the New Jerusalem Magazine.—Ed. Ch. Sp.

"But you do not believe that God raises up men; thus you do not see why a man should be made the exponent of the divine will and meaning. Men are not raised up and sent from God, are they? That is the old woman's story, the exploded tale of another age; is it not? We are far too wise now to believe that any man has any special gift from the Highest, or any special commission to speak to the world. As to such persons as St. Bernard and Luther, and Baxter, and Penn, and Wesley, they

were just accidents too; they appeared in the ordinary course of the development of ages; their minds were opened by no especial influence; they were hurried out of their circle by strong impulses; and were what they were in virtue of the circumstances operating around them. The age of apostles and prophets, and captains of ideas, and leaders and commanders of the people, is gone by. God has given to us Christianity as a leaven in the world; and having given that, he has left us, and takes now but little interest in our world. God is a long way from us; we cannot conceive that he trains men, and brings them to pilot the way of the great world-vessel to new heavens and brighter climates. There are no men sent from God; all things go on in the natural order of development.

"Do they? Will you put your belief on this matter so? Is it the kind of language you would use? We believe this is a very good translation of many opinions; but their opinion is one thing, and utterance another. You would not like, I should think, to utter that; the world could not hear the heresy, even if it believed it. No; the insane and irreligious world, when it thinks upon such matters, would not like to have to hear and believe that God had abandoned the world. And you, if you sat down to so dreadful an idea—you would start with horror at this worse than atheistic and absolute orphanhood.

"Why, you bless God every Sabbath for raising you